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The Late Gen. J. E. B. Stuart.

[From the Richmond Examiner.]

No incident of mortality, since the fall of great Jackson, has occasioned more painful regret than this. Maj. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, the model of Virginia cavaliers and dashing chieftain, whose name was a terror to the enemy, and familiar as a household word in two continents, is dead, struck down by a bullet from the dastardly foe, and the whole Confederacy mourns him. He breathed out his gallant spirit resignedly, and in the full possession of all his remarkable faculties of mind and body, at twenty-two minutes to 8 o'clock, Thursday night, at the residence of Dr. Brewer, a relative, on Green street, in the presence of Drs. Brewer, Garnett, Gibson and Fontaine, of the General's staff, Rev. Messrs. Peterkin and Keppler, and a circle of sorrow stricken comrades and friends.

We learn from the physicians in attendance upon the General that his condition during the day was very changeable, with occasional delirium and other unmistakable symptoms of speedy dissolution. In the moments of delirium the General's mind wandered, and, like the immortal Jackson, (whose spirit, we trust his has joined,) in the lapse of reason, his faculties were busy with the details of his command. He reviewed in broken sentences all his glorious campaigns around McClellan's rear on the Peninsula, beyond the Potomac, and upon the Rapidan, quoting from his orders, and issuing new ones to his couriers, with a last injunction to "make haste."

About noon, Thursday, President Davis visited his bedside, and spent some fifteen minutes in the dying chamber of his favorite chieftain. The President, taking his hand, said: "General, how do you feel?" He replied, "Easy, but willing to die, if God and my country think I have fulfilled my destiny and done my duty." As evening approached, the General's delirium increased, and his mind again wandered to the battle-fields over which he had fought, then off to wife and children, and off again to the front. A telegraphic message had been sent for his wife, who was in the country, with the injunction to make all haste, as the General was dangerously wounded. Some thoughtless or unauthorized person, thinking, probably, to spare his wife pain, altered the dispatch to "slightly wounded," and it was thus she received it, and did not make that haste which she otherwise would have done to reach his side.

As evening wore on the paroxysms of pain increased, and mortification set in rapidly. Though suffering the greatest agony at times, the General was calm, and applied to the wound with his own hand, the ice intended to relieve the pain. During the evening he asked Dr. Brewer how long he thought he could live, and whether it was possible for him to survive through the night. The doctor, knowing he did not desire to be buoyed by false hopes, told him frankly that death—the last enemy—was rapidly approaching. The General nodded, and said, "I am resigned, if it be God's will; but I would like to see my wife. But God's will be done." Several times he roused up and asked if she had come.

To the doctor, who sat holding his wrist and counting the fleeting, weakening pulse, he remarked, "Doctor, I suppose I am going fast now. It will soon be over. But God's will be done. I hope I have fulfilled by duty to

my country and my duty to my God."

At 7½ o'clock it was evident to the physicians that death was setting its clammy seal upon the brave, open brow of the General, and told him so—asked if he had any last message to give. The General, with mind perfectly clear and possessed, then made dispositions of his staff and personal effects. To Mrs. General R. E. Lee he directed that the golden spurs be given, as a dying memento of his love and esteem of her husband. To his staff officers he gave his horses. So particular was he in such things, even in the dying hour, that he emphatically exhibited and illustrated the ruling passion strong in death. To one of his staff, who was a heavy built man, he said "You had better take the larger horse; he will carry you better." Other mementoes he disposed of in a similar manner. To his young son he left his glorious sword.

His worldly matters closed, the eternal interests of his soul engaged his mind. Turning to Rev. Mr. Peterkin, of the Episcopal Church, and of which he was an exemplary member, he asked him to sing the hymn commencing,

"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

he joining in with all the voice his strength would permit. He then joined in prayer with the ministers. To the doctor he again said: "I am going fast now; I am resigned; God's will be done." Thus died Gen. J. E. B. Stuart.

Dr. Brewer, the brother-in-law of General Stuart, has furnished us with some particulars, obtained from his own lips, of the manner in which he came by his wound. He had formed a line of skirmishers near the Yellow Tavern, when seeing a brigade preparing to charge on his left, General Stuart and his staff dashed down the line to form troops to repel the charge. About this time the Yankees came thundering down upon the General and his small escort. Twelve shots were fired at the General at short range, the Yankee's evidently recognizing his well-known person. The General wheeled upon them with the natural bravery which has characterized him, and discharged six shots at his assailants.

The last of the shots fired at him struck the General in the left side of the stomach. He did not fall, knowing he would be captured if he did, and nerving himself in his seat, wheeled his horse's head and rode for the protection of his lines. Before he reached them his wound overcame him, and he fell or was helped from his saddle by one of his ever-faithful troopers, and carried to a place of security. Subsequently he was brought to Richmond in an ambulance. The immediate cause of his death was mortification of the stomach, induced by the flow of blood from the kidneys and intestines into the cavity of the stomach.

Gen. Stuart was about thirty-five years of age. His oldest offspring, a sprightly boy, died a year ago while he was battling for his country on the Rappahannock. When telegraphed that the child was dying he sent the reply, "I must leave my child in the hands of God; my country needs me here, I cannot come."

The Wheeling Daily Register of the 23d instant says: A new counterfeit \$20 green-back has made its appearance, which is not described in the detectors, but is equally good, and well calculated to deceive. The green is of a lighter shade, and the engraving is coarser than the genuine.

The new copper pennies have been put in circulation.

U. S. CONGRESS.—In the Senate yesterday, a resolution was offered and ordered to be printed, calling upon President Lincoln to inform the Senate whether he has authorized a person, alleged to have committed a crime against Spain or any of its dependencies, to be delivered up to officers of that Government, and if so, under what authority of law or treaty it was done. A resolution was also ordered to be printed, denouncing, in the same language as the resolution previously offered in the House, the conduct of the Executive authority of the Government, in closing the offices and suppressing the publication of the World and Journal of Commerce newspapers. The Internal Revenue bill was further considered.

In the House of Representatives the consideration of the Reciprocity question, was postponed until the second Tuesday of December next. The bill to equalize and increase the pay of soldiers in the service of the United States was referred back to the Committee on military affairs.

The New York World entirely discredits the flashing reports which come on the wires from Washington and Philadelphia to the effect that Lee is falling back within his entrenchments of Richmond, and says: "We have had quite too much of this kind of bosh since the war commenced, and the public are heartily sick of it. The people can stand the truth, and are becoming impatient at the gross and palpable lies with which they are fed by sensation telegraphers. Secretary Stanton's recent dispatches have been commendable, full and complete, but they are not quite as honest as they should be in acknowledging undoubted defeats; nor is their hopeful tone always justified by the facts in the case."

A "high scene" is reported as having occurred on Wednesday at the National Hotel, in Washington, at the dining table. Mr. Chandler, Senator from Michigan, undertook to use some very foul language towards those whom he designated as "copperheads," consigning them to the internal regions, &c., when Mr. Vorhees, of Ind., who was sitting near interposed, a fight ensued, crockery was smashed, Mr. Hannegan (son of the former Senator) broke a pithier over Mr. Chandler's head, and there was a fuss generally. There the matter ended.

According to the Washington Star "a detachment of U. S. negro troops, under Sergeant Ayer, were attacked by 400 Cheyenne Indians, on the 16th, near Smoky Hill, on the Santa Fe road. The Indians were driven from the field after several hours' fighting, and lost 28 killed. The Federal loss 4 killed and 2 wounded."

A steamer arrived at Fortress Monroe on Wednesday afternoon, at five o'clock, from the James river, and reported all was quiet in front.

The prices of coal and wood, for fuel, in this place, continue very high.